

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXI.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1856.

NUMBER 14.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.

J. COBB & COMPANY,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

J. COBB, JR., EDITOR.

TERMS.

The Register will be sent one year, by

mail, or delivered at the office, where pay-

ment is made strictly in advance, for \$1.50

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If not paid within six months, 50 cents ad-

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No paper discontinued until arrears are

paid, unless at the option of the proprie-

tor.

All communications must be post-paid.

For V. B. Palmer is agent for this paper

in Boston, New-York and Philadelphia.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Done in modern style, and at short notice.

WILLIAM F. BASCOM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in Stewart's Building, over R. L.

Fulmer's store.

Middlebury May 27, 1856.

JOHN W. STEWART,

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

DR. WM. M. BASS

Would inform the citizens of this village and

vicinity, that his present residence is the

first door south of the Court House, where he

will be in readiness to attend calls in his

profession, and will accept gratefully a shared

public patronage.

Middlebury April 22, 1856.

EDWARD MUSSEY

RESPECTFULLY informs the people of

this county and the public at large, that

he has taken the

ADDISON HOUSE.

In Middlebury, for a term of years. He in-

tends to keep a first rate house, and hopes

by strict attention to the wants of his guests

and moderate charges, to merit a liberal share

of the public patronage.

Middlebury, May 21, 1856.

MUSIC.

THE subscriber holds himself ready, at

short notice, to furnish Piano Fortes,

Melodions and all kinds of Musical Instru-

ments; Sheet Music, Instruction Books and

any variety of musical merchandise at whole

sale or retail.

Also to give instruction in Vocal or Instru-

mental Music; or to take charge of a choir

or play an Organ or Melodion in some

church. The Melodions manufactured by

E. B. Carpenter & Co. of Burlington, are

pronounced by competent judges to be the

best. All that is asked for them is a trial.

8 subscriptions received for the "New York

Musical Review," edited by I. B. Woodbury.

A monthly of 16 pages, (8 of reading matter

and 8 of music) especially designed for

choirs and the social circle, costing only 40

cents per year to clubs of five.

Charges moderate and satisfaction in every

case guaranteed. J. O. REDINGTON.

Middlebury, July, 1856.

FREE OF CHARGE!!!

Two Splendid Parlor Engravings,

ENTITLED, "Bolton Abbey in the Olden

Times," a splendid engraving, from the

celebrated painting by Landseer, and the

"Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,"

a large and beautiful engraving from a

painting by D. Roberts. The retail price of

the above engravings is \$3 per copy, but

will be sent free of charge, as follows:

The subscribers have established a Book

Agency in Philadelphia, and will furnish

any book or publication at the retail price

free of postage. Any persons by forward-

ing the subscription price of any of the \$3

Magazines, such as Harper's, Godey's, Pat-

erson's, Graham's, Frank Leslie's Fashions,

&c., will receive the magazines for one year

and a copy of either of the above beauti-

ful engravings, free of charge, or if collect-

ing in a \$2 and a \$1 Magazine, such as Pe-

tersen's, and Challen's Ladies' Christian An-

nal, they will receive both magazines and

a copy of either of the above engravings.

Every description of Engraving on Wood

executed with neatness and dispatch.

Views of Buildings, Newspaper Headings,

Views of Machinery, Book Illustrations,

Lodge Certificates, Business Cards, &c. All

orders sent by mail promptly attended to.

Persons wishing views of their buildings en-

graved can send a Daguerrotype or sketch

of the building by mail or express.

Persons at a distance having saleable ar-

ticles would find it to their advantage to ad-

dress the subscribers, as we would act as

agents for the sale of the same.

BYRAM & PIERCE, 33

50 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

H. BYRAM, 75 N. Y. AVENUE.

THE MASSACHUSETTS

CHARITABLE MECHANIC

ASSOCIATION

Respectfully announces to the public their 8th

GREAT EXHIBITION

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES AND

MECHANIC ARTS.

To be opened at

FANEUIL AND QUINCY HALLS,

On Wednesday, 10th September,

IN THE CITY OF BOSTON.

NEW inventions, improvements in the

arts, and specimens of rare handicraft in ev-

ery department of industry, will be welcome

to the Hall, and every facility will be af-

forded for a good display and the proper care

of contributions.

Medals of Gold, Silver and Bronze, and a

new Diploma designed by Billings, will be

given to those whose articles merit such

awards.

Communications from those who wish more

particular information, and from those who

will require much space, may be addressed

to the subscribers, who will be glad to af-

ford for the sale of the same.

JOSEPH L. BATES, Secretary.

Boston, June 4, 1856.

Rutland Brass Band.

WILL ALLEN, Leader.

The Band would take this method to in-

form the public that they are now pre-

pared to furnish music for

Military and Civic Parades, Processions,

Pic-Nic Parties, Excursions,

and all occasions where Brass Band services

are required, on the most reasonable terms.

Application made to Geo. H. Cole, F. J.

Farr, or N. Weeks, Clerk, will receive prompt

attention.

Rutland, June 4, 1856.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

A LARGE lot of cheap Publications just

received at

No. 1 BREWSTER'S BLOCK.

Poetry.

Pilgrimage.

Mine to the core of my heart, my beauty!
Mine—all mine, and for love, n't duty;
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake as I love thee,
Duty, a servant, keeps the keys,
But love, the master, goes in an out
Of his goodly chamber with song and shout,
Just as he please—Just as he please!

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-
golden,
To the silken foot that scarce beholds;
Give a warm hand to a friend—a smile,
Like a generous lady, now and awhile,
But the sanctuary heart that none dare
win,
Keep hidden of holiest evermore—
The crowd in the aisles may enter the door,
The high priest only waits in.

Mine, my own—without doubts or terrors;
With all thy goodness all thy errors,
Unto me and me alone revealed,
"A spring shut up, fountain sealed."
Many may praise thee—praise mine and
thine;
Many may love thee—I'll love them too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful and
true,
Must be mine—mine wholly—forever
mine.

Mine—God, I thank thee that Thou hast
given
Something all mine on this side of Heaven;
Something as much myself to be
As thy soul which I lift to Thee.
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Life of my life—us, who Thou dost make
Two to the world, for the world's work sake,
But each unto each, as in Thy sight one.

Miscellany.

A Romantic Story.

Some twenty years ago, a young man,
whom I shall call "Jamie," was pastor
of a large congregation of the Establish-
ment Church of Scotland. At school and
at college he was distinguished for his
love of learning, and as a minister was
distinguished for his eloquence and men-
tal attainments. He had been settled
about a year, and was upon the eve of
being married to a fine young woman
whom he had loved from childhood. When
the heritors and several English gentle-
men, who were then on a visit to the
North, attended the kirk to hear the fa-
mous preacher. He more than verified
his fame; he enraptured his audience.
His theme was the story of his church.
His many disastrous wars, its martyrs,
its heroes, its undying hopes, even when
despair seemed to enshroud it in endless
night, its unwearied toils, and its final tri-
umph, where each in turn presented to the
minds of the hearers, with a power and
feeling which defy description. He
stood the genius of eloquence personified.
But there was one among his hearers who
was not bewildered by his glowing pic-
ture.

The gentle-hearted Belle's betrothed,
when the congregation dispersed, followed
him to the manse. He received her in
his study, but while conducting her to
the choir she sank to the floor, and burst
into tears. "Oh Jamie!" she exclaim-
ed, as he raised her tenderly in his arms
and seated her on a sofa, "ye have broken
my poor heart!" "How so, me Belle?"
he said. "Ye were drunk, raving drunk
Jamie, and I wonder the elders did not
take ye to the pulpit. Ye whined and ran-
ted, sometimes, God forgive me for say-
ing so, I thought I saw the evil one stand-
ing behind you laughing and clapping
you on the shoulder. My poor brain
reeled—I was mad and knew it—I'm
mad now—I cannot live out this day—I
feel my blood freeze—Oh, God, be mer-
ciful to me a sinner, and save, oh, save
my Jamie!" Her head reclined
upon his bosom, she gazed upon him for a
moment, and expired in his arms.

Five or six years passed, when the
writer of this who was his schoolfellow,
accidentally met him in London. Jamie
was then one of the principal teachers in
a large educational establishment, and was
highly esteemed for his excellence of
character, as well as learning and skill
as a successful teacher. He was dressed in
deep mourning, shunned society, and
when the labors of the day closed he
either wandered alone through the
streets, or retired to his lodgings. The
scene of Belle's death was ever present
to his memory.

Her pure soul, he said, saw him as he
was a poor vain, self-conceited sinner.
For the purpose of concentrating his
thought and infusing life into his ser-
mons, he was in the habit of taking a
glass of whiskey before entering the pul-
pit. The morning before he preached the
fatal sermon he felt rather nervous,
for he knew there would be strangers to
hear him, and he took nearly two glasses.
What he said or how he conducted him-
self, no effort could recall—the death of
Belle alone had merged in itself the do-
mings of that fearful day. The compli-
ments which he received sounded in his
ears like a satire and mockery, and the
very name of liquor impressed him with
horror.

He left home and came to London,
where he obtained a situation as teacher,
but everything appeared so black to him
that he expressed a fear that he should
in some unguarded moment destroy him-
self.

His friend, who was a sailor, sugges-
ted some active employment that would
call into play his physical faculties, and
thus give his mind a resting spell,
and ended by offering to procure him a
place before the mast in a ship. "I
like your suggestion," he said, "but dis-
like the sea."—Then turn soldier, and
seek employment in India where there
is always a plenty of fighting—I will

he said springing from the chair, when
my engagement expires I will purchase
an ensign's commission. I wonder the
thought never occurred to me, for my
ancestors, as far back as I can trace
them, were soldiers.

A few weeks since, in running my
eye along the list of those who distin-
guished themselves at the battle of In-
kerman, I recognized the name of Lieut.
Colonel—A letter from my friend
has since informed me that he had served
in India, with Lord Gough, and was
promoted for his gallant conduct in three
campaigns. He was present at the bat-
tle of Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and
at last accounts was in good health, en-
gaged in the siege of Sebastopol. He
was still single. "His heart was dead to
love!"

IT MADE ME FEEL INDEPENDENT—A
man named Porter says he once had a
clerical friend between whom and him-
self there existed great intimacy. Every
Saturday night, as Porter was sitting
by himself, a note would come re-
questing "the loan of a five dollar bill!"
The money was always returned punctu-
ally at 8 o'clock on the Monday morn-
ing. But what puzzled the lender was,
the Parson always returned the very
identical note he borrowed. Since he
had discovered this fact he had made
private marks on the note; still the same
was handed back on Monday morn-
ing. One Saturday evening Porter
sent back a five dollar piece, instead
of a note, and marked it. Still the very
same coin was returned on the Monday.
Porter got nervous and bilious about it;
he could not sleep at night for thinking
of it; he would wake his wife in the
middle of the night and ask her what
she thought of such an occurrence. He
was fast boiling over with curiosity,
when a note came from the reverend
borrower, one Christmas eve asking for
the loan of ten dollars. A brilliant
thought struck Porter's friend. He put
on his great coat, resolving to call and de-
mand an explanation of the mystery.

"Mr—," said our friend, "if you
will answer one question, I will let you
have ten dollars." "How does it happen that you always
repay me the money you borrowed on
the Saturday, in the very same coin or
note on Monday?"
The Parson raised his head, and af-
ter a violent struggle, as though he were
about to unveil the hoarded mystery of
soul, said, in faltering tones, "Porter,
you are a gentleman, a scholar, a Chris-
tian, and a New Yorker—I know I can
rely on your inviolable secrecy. Listen
to the secret of my eloquence. You
know that I am poor, and when I have
bought my Sunday dinner I have sel-
dom a red cent in my pocket. Now, I
maintain that no man can preach the
Gospel and blow on his congregation
properly, unless he has got something in
his pocket to inspire him with confidence.
I have therefore borrowed five dollars of
you every Sunday that I might feel it
occasionally as I preached. You know
how independently I do preach—
how I make the rich shake in their
shoes. Well, it is all owing to my
knowing that I have a five dollar bill in
my pocket! Of course, never having
to use it for any other purpose, it is not
changed, but invariably returned to you
the next morning. Now, as Mr. George
Law is coming to hear me preach to-
morrow, I thought I would try the ef-
fect of a ten dollar bill on him!"

ECONOMY OF DRUNKENNESS—A New
Yorker who has been traveling down the
"Big Muddy," as some call the Mississippi,
fell in with some hard customers on board
the boat. He says: One who though
drunk was quite well informed on some
points, told me that he'd been 'up over
the backs,' or in other words intoxicated
for ten days. I asked him why he didn't
sober down. I used his own language in
the reply: "Stranger, it's a sartin' matter
for me to keep tight when I once get so.
I've an awful hard skin to fill chock up
—it costs about five dollars to get me
drunk, but after I'm once full, I can keep
so for twenty five cents a day!"

HOOPS—We think the hoops which the
ladies, in the exercise of their undoubted
sovereignty, have added to their dress-
es, have been the subject of unnecessary
complaint. As the matter has been explain-
ed to us we understand that the hoops
take the place of from five to fifteen skirts
or petticoats, the weight and encum-
brance of which are alike unhealthy and
uncomfortable. The hoop is light and
not ungraceful, and although there is no
need of making it big enough to go
round a country lawyer's office, as the
amusing correspondent of the Pawtucket
Chronicle would say, still pretty formi-
dable dimensions may be endured; and
since the ladies are sure to have their
own way, we say, must be endured.

—Providence Journal.

A LEGISLATIVE PRAYER—The Chap-
lain of the Indiana Legislature, recently
opened the session with a general prayer,
which closed with the following eloquent
and sensible invocation:

"And, O Lord! have mercy on our
legislators—Be with them and bless
them, even if they know Thee not. Spare
their lives and teach them to glorify
Thy name. Hasten them to their homes
where they may direct their attention to
good works and general usefulness among
their families and neighbors. May the
people resolve to keep them there, and in
future elect men of sound morals and
temperate habits, so that good may
hereafter result from legislation. Save
the good people of the State from the
disgrace which must follow if this same

crowd should again come here to make
laws. Hear us Lord; and grant our
prayer. Amen!"

The Far West.

A correspondent of the Northern Ad-
vocate, writing from St. Paul, Minnesota,
May 30th, says:

A gentleman from Massachusetts, a
capitalist, last month, offered \$140,000
for a "water privilege" at St. An-
thony's Falls, for manufacturing pur-
poses, which would have been of incalcu-
lable advantage to that locality and coun-
try, and which was thought by the more
rational citizens of the place to have
been all the privileges were worth and
even more—and yet his offer was spurned
with a vim, and coolly remarked "that
privilege must bring him a quarter of a
million or no sale." In village property
there will be a crash, and let those
that will stand from under, lest they
find themselves buried beneath its ruins.
Scores are returning to the East with-
out making investments for business
purposes, who but for the sharkish specu-
lations of the West would have increas-
ed her business facilities, in many towns
fifty per cent, within the short space
of two years.

BISHOP McILVAINE ON FASHIONABLE
AMUSEMENTS—A Cleveland correspon-
dent of the Dues West Telescope, tells
the following anecdote of Bishop McIl-
vaine of Ohio:

"A number of years ago, in a village
near this city, a few fashionable Chris-
tians came to the conclusion that the
Methodist and Presbyterian, who had
churches there, were entirely too strict
in their disciplinary arrangements, and
they came to the conclusion that they
would 'get up' an Episcopal church, so
that they could have more latitude and
a wider field for enjoyment. They sent
for Bishop McIlvaine, who came and
preached them a heart-searching, sin-re-
buking, gospel-moving sermon, and left
them to consider further upon the sub-
ject. They deliberated among them-
selves, and finally came to the conclu-
sion that Bishop McIlvaine was not a
white better than the Presbyterians and
Methodists, and that they might just as
well remain in Syria as to run upon
Charlybain."

Premiums for 1856.

FIELD CROPS.

	1st.	2d.	3d.
Winter Wheat, not less than 1	5	4	3
Spring Wheat, do.	5	4	3
Corn, do.	5	4	3
Oats, do.	4	3	2
Buckwheat, do.	3	2	1
Peas, do.	4	3	2
Rye, do.	3	2	1
White Beans, not less than 1	3	2	1
Potatoes, do.	4	3	2
Vegetables, do.	2	1	0
Beets, not less than 1 acre,	3	2	1
Carrots, do.	3	2	1
Turnips, do.	3	2	1
Broom Corn, do.	3	2	1
Herds Grass Seed, greatest amount in value,	3	2	1

Vermont Stock for Ohio.

We clip the following article from the
Ohio Farmer, published at Cleveland.
It shows to what quarter the Ohioans
are looking for the best stock in the
country.

We join it upon the farmers of
Addison County, to persevere in their
laudable efforts to keep ahead of the
"rest of mankind" in the breeding of
improved stock, for the benefit of them-
selves and their neighbors in the great
West.

FINE HORSES AND CATTLE FOR CUYA-
HOGA—We have just learned that Wil-
liam F. Giddings, of Rockport, in this
county, is now in Vermont, purchasing
some good horses. He has purchased
of E. D. Bush, of Shoreham, two mares,
with colts by their sides. One of the
mares was sired by Flying Cloud, now
owned by Messrs. Orr and Ladd, of Mel-
more, Seneca Co., Ohio. She has a fine
black horse colt, sired by Hill's Black
Hawk Chief, and the other has a bay
colt, sired by the "North Horse," a cele-
brated trotting stallion. He also pur-
chased a Black Hawk filly, of W. R.
Sanford, of Orwell. Two of the mares
are to be bred to C. M. Fletcher's horse,
Don Juan, one of the best horses in the
East, and the other to Ethan Allen, a
colt of old Black Hawk, and the fastest
trotting stallion in America. Mr. Gid-
dings has begun right, and we congrat-
ulate him and the people of Northern
Ohio, on his purchases.

Mr. G. has also purchased several
head of Devon Cattle, of E. Hammond,
Esq., of Middlebury, Vt., a thorough-
bred cow and calf. The cow is from a
cow imported by W. R. Sanford, and
was dropped a few months after landing.
She is now being bred to Sanford's bull,
New Boy, whose dam took the first pre-
mium at the National Fair at Boston,
last fall. Mr. Sanford's Devons are su-
perior.

Messrs. Goodale & Co. of the Cleve-
land Wool Depot, is their circular of
July 1, say:

"The tendency of the market appears
to be upward, so much so, that we deem
it advisable to advance our prices.

And although many buyers thought
our last quotations too high